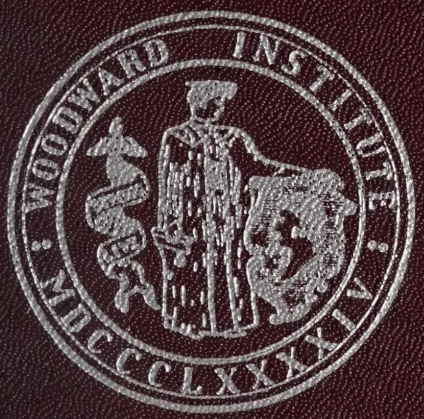

1951

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WOODWARD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

ESTABLISHED 1894 ~ QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

Dedication

TO OUR PARENTS

Our parents, whose unceasing care and praise
In all life's storms and strife to us have cast
A stalwart, sturdy, never wav'ring mast
Whose strength stays us in all perplexing days,
Deserve rewards for infinite displays
Of sacrifice and love in ages past,
And unselfish devotion that will last
Forever. As upon your brows we gaze,
Each hair, made gray by youthful attitude,
We see. Through trying years of growing pains,
For blessed patience and good counsel wise,
Our hearts sincere o'erwhelm with gratitude.
Our humble prayers to Him who ever reigns,
Now beg that we to your fond hopes shall rise.

TO MISS BACON AND MISS LANE

As the guiding hands throughout our five memorable years at Woodward, you have been the symbols of the Woodward Tradition toward which we strive. Your guidance and friendship have awakened in us a respect and admiration which will never be equalled.

Because you have taught and counselled us wisely, it is a privilege to pay sincere tribute to you, Miss Bacon and Miss Lane, in this, our record of the Class of 1951.

THE SENIORS

Yearbook Staff

CO-EDITORS:

Rosemary Donohue

June Quint

BUSINESS MANAGERS:

Joan Bianchi

Sondra Rubinovitz

LITERARY EDITOR:

Eleanor Hollander

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR:

Betty Bacon

ART EDITOR:

Barbara Lennon

The Faculty

(1st row) Mrs. Leighton, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Blake, Miss Bacon, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Millard; (2nd row) Mrs. Balch, Miss Kempton, Miss Hurlbert, Mrs. Alden, Mrs. Upling

MISS KATHERINE BACON, Principal
A.B., M.A. --Boston University
English, Latin

MRS. GEORGE D. HALL
A.B. --Tufts College; Rice School
English, History, Dramatics

MISS THELMA ROBERTS
B.S. --Boston University
Science, Modern History

MRS. CLIFFORD B. MILLARD
A.B. --Goucher; M.A. --Bryn Mawr
Mathematics, Economics

MRS. LEROY LEIGHTON
A.B. --Middlebury College
French, Spanish, Latin

MISS RUTH M. HURLBERT
A.B., M.A. --Radcliffe
English, Arithmetic

MRS. LORETTA L. BLAKE
A.B., M.A. --Pembroke; Columbia
English, Social Studies, Geography

MISS GEORGIANA LANE
Assistant Principal
Massachusetts College of Art

MISS PERSIS B. KEMPTON
B.S. --Skidmore College
Music

MISS MARJORIE COLE
Boston College of Normal Art
Art

MRS. RAYMOND BALCH
Bouve Boston School
Physical Education

MRS. CHARLES R. ALDEN
Fisher School; Boston University
Typewriting, Secretary

MRS. JOSEPH UPLING
Miss Farmer's School of Cookery
Dietician

ALEXANDER J. MAC PHERSON
Custodian

To A Woodward Graduate

For her the world holds promise of bright years,
A future formed on training firm and sound,
And high ideals, respected where'er found;
But now her eyes are dimmed by misty tears
That come unheeded as she slowly nears
The group of smiling classmates gathered 'round
To welcome friends; with gladness they are crowned.
Her heart begins to smile, her vision clears.
Recalling scenes of years at Woodward spent,
She thrills to know that these have giv'n her much
That otherwise could not have been her own;
She learned, she laughed, in these dear halls that lent
To her their spirit and their guiding touch.
What sweet regard for her has Woodward shown!

ELIZABETH STEWART BACON
54 Harrison Street, Quincy
"Betty" 5 years

"Wit now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark."

Soup and shortbread . . . K. K. Klan . . . Show Train . . . "Doo-ink" . . . "Thrift, thrift, Horatio!" . Radcliffe Historian . . . Mid-winter vacationer

Class Vice - President 3, 4; National Honor Society 3,4; Vice-President and Secretary of National Honor Society 4; Science Club 3, 4; Madrigal 3; Newspaper Staff 2,3; Operetta Cast 3; Glee Club 8 - 3; Bowling Club 8,1; Handicraft Club 2; Pops Concert 1; Class Secretary 8; Honor Roll 8 - 4

ALICE CAROLYN BEALE
246 Whiting Street, Hingham
3 years

"No one knows what he can do till he tries."

Enthusiasm . . . "Golden Earrings" . . . . . "Small Town Girl" . . Suicide Blonde . . . A. A. Advocate . . . Show Train . . . Pianist . . . I. D. P. . .

National Honor Society 4; Athletic Association - President 3, 4; Captain Basketball Team - 3,4; Operetta 3;Pop Concert 2; Maintenance Committee 4; Junior Red Cross Council 4; President Science Club 3,4; Class President - 3 Gym Letter 2, 3, 4; School Play Cast 4 Bowling Club 2; Madrigal 2,3,4; Glee Club 2,3,4; Honor Roll 2, 3, 4

BARBARA LOUISE BELIN
112 Billings Road, North Quincy
"Be - Be" 4 years

" The happy gift of being agreeable. "

" Wanna hear a good joke? " . . . Show Train . . . " Dandruff " . . . Tuft's Weekend . . . Green Convertible . . . . . . Dark Beauty . . Frat . . . Rosa

Assistant Class Treasurer 4; President - Regulatory Committee 3; Student Government Executive Board 3; Class Vice-President 2; Basketball Team 3; National Honor Society 4; Co-Chairman Senior Prom; Newspaper Staff 2,3; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Madrigal 4; Pops Concert 1,2; Glee Club Treasurer 4; Junior Red Cross Council 4; Operetta 3; Bowling Club 1,2; Secretary Science Club 3, 4; School Play 4; Gym Letter - 3; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4.

MARY ELIZABETH JOAN BIANCHI
30 Ellington Road, Wollaston
"Joanie" 4 years

" A faithful friend is the medicine of life. "

B. U. Frat House . . . Caesar's Buddy . . Driver . . D. Kildare . . "I got a letter!" . . . P. J. Hostess . . . ¼HG . . (Hic!) . . . Show Train . . Tufts

President Student Government Executive Board 4; Secretary Student Government 3; Regulatory Committee 1, 2, 3; Co-Chairman Junior Prom; Science Club 3, 4; Historical Society Essay Prize 4; National Honor Society 3,4; Newspaper Staff 2,3; Co-Business Manager of Year Book; Pops Concert 1,2; Bowling Club 1; Handicraft Club 2; Archery Club 1; Glee Club 1; Merit Roll 2; Honor Roll 1, 3; High Honor Roll 4.

MARTHA COOK
38 Russell Park, Quincy
2 years

"Conviction is the conscience of the mind."

C. E. . . . "Oh, those (!*?*!?*) Class Meetings . . . Alaska . . . Deaconess . . . Private Luncheon Club . . Our prospective authoress . . .

Vice-President Student Government 4; President Student Council 4; Student Government Executive Board 4; Social Committee Chairman 3; Junior Red Cross Council 3; Science Club 4; Dramatic Club 3; Bowling Club 3; Nightingale Essay Award 4; Honor Roll 3.

ALICIA CURTIS
18 Newport Terrace, Wollaston
"Lish" 3 years

"A quiet manner, a true friend."

"Mayflower" . . . Our Private Luncheon Club . . . "If" . . . Those Rehearsals . . "Drifting and Dreaming" . . B. U. . . . . Deaconess

Madrigal 4; Student Council 4; Glee Club 4; Secretary of Madrigal 4; Glee Club President 4; Bowling Club 8, 1; Junior Glee Club 8,1; Class Secretary 1; Class President 8; Pops Concert 1.

ROSEMARY DONOHUE
17 Muirhead Street, Wollaston
4 years

"Reason and calm judgment, qualities especially belonging to a leader."

N. H. . . Our Shining Star . . . Show Train . . . Scituate Sand Dunes . . . . Emmanuel . . "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" . . Tufts Weekend . Rosario

Co-Editor Year Book; National Honor Society 2,3,4; President N. H. S. 4; High Honor Roll 1,2,3,4; Helen Mitten Dickinson Scholarship; Krasner Science Prize 3; Secretary Student Council 3, 4; Student Government Executive Board 3,4; Woodward Alumnae History Award; Newspaper Staff 2,3; Student Manager School Play 2; Language Award 2; Glee Club 1; Junior Red Cross Treasurer 2; Red Cross Council 1; Social Committee 2; Bowling Club 1, 2; Gym Letter 2,3; Pops Concert 1, 2.

LOIS ANN EVANS
145 Wilson Avenue, Wollaston
"Lo" 5 years

"If music be the food of love, play on!"

Bob . . . "Harbor Lights" . . . Quincy City Hospital . . . Dagmar . . . Bean-bag Club . . "That's George!" . . "I got the window !"

Class Secretary 4; Madrigal 3,4; Glee Club 8,1,2,3,4; Madrigal President 4; Operetta 3; Pops Concert 1,2; Science Club 3,4; Athletic Association Representative 3,4; President - Maintenance Committee 3; Student Government Executive Board 3; Gym Letter 3; Handicraft Club 2; Social Committee 2; Junior Red Cross Council 1; Archery Club 1; Class Vice-President 8; Bowling Club 8.

ELEANOR HOLLANDER
305 Rock Island Road, Quincy
"El" 5 years

"Wit to persuade and beauty to delight."

B. C. . . "I'll See You in My Dreams" . . . R. G. . . Show Train . . . ¼ HG (Hic!) . . . Charleston . . . Driver . . . Florida . . . Houghs Neck or ???

Literary Editor - Year Book; Science Club 3,4; Regulatory Committee 4; Co-Chairman Junior Prom; Newspaper Staff 2, 3; Student Council 3; Handicraft Club 2; Junior Red Cross Council 1; Business Manager School Play 2; Glee Club 8, 1; Class President 2; Junior Red Cross Treasurer 2; Class Treasurer 8,1; Bowling Club 8,1; Secretary of Bowling Club 8; Honor Roll 8,1,2; Merit Roll 3, 4.

BARBARA ANN LENNON
201 Pine Street, Wollaston
"Barb" 4 years

"With malice toward none, with charity for all."

Tufts Winter Carnival . . Katie Gibbs . . . Artist . . Red Cross Enthusiast "Honestly ???" - "That's tremendous!!" . . . Otis, the mighty hunter . N. C.

President Junior Red Cross 4; National Honor Society 2,3,4; Treasurer N.H.S. 3; Helen Mitten Dickinson Scholarship; Honorable Mention for History Essay 4; Co-Chairman Senior Prom; Class Secretary 3; Newspaper Staff 2,3; Treasurer Student Government 2; Bowling Club 2; Handicraft Club 2; Science Club 3, 4; Glee Club 1,2,3; Dramatic Club 1; Red Cross Council 1; Class Vice-President 1; Student Council 1; Cast School Play 4; Operetta 1, 2; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3; High Honor Roll 4.

MARY KATHERINE MONAHAN
103 Rock Island Road, Quincy
5 years

"Silence is the mother of Truth."

Nobby . . . "Always" . . Patroness of Woodward dances . . . Weekends . . . . . Star "Eccy" enthusiast . . . . "Andy" --- our favorite mascot . . .

Student Government Executive Board 4; President Maintenance Committee 4; Gym Letter 2; Science Club 3,4; Basketball 3,4; Class Treasurer 3; Class Secretary 2; Bowling Club 1; Glee Club 8,1; Social Committee 1; Maintenance 8, 1 ; Skating Club 8; Handicraft Club 2;Pops Concert 1; Honor Roll 8, 2, 3,

JUNE ELLEN QUINT
196 Samoset Avenue, Quincy
5 years

" Charm strikes the sight; merit wins the soul. "

Jules . . . "Georgia On My Mind" . . . J. E. Q. . Gym Attendance Taker . . . . . "Moon - Maid" . . . Lobster!!!! Workin' (? ?) Girl . . . . .

Class Treasurer 4;Co-Editor Year Book; Cast School Play 4; Madrigal 3,4; Glee Club 8,1,2,3,4; Social Committee 8,4; Red Cross Council 8,3; Newspaper Staff 2; Bowling Club 8,1; Class President 1 Handicraft Club 2, 4; Science Club 3; Student Council 2; Cast of Operetta 3; Pops Concert 1, 2; Merit Roll 2, 3, 4; Honor Roll 8, 1.

SONDRA LEE RUBINOVITZ
66 Longwood Road, Quincy
"Son" 5 years

" A kind heart is the fountain of gladness. "

Brandeis . . . "Dandruff" . . Red Sox Rooter . . History "Prof" . . . Third Letter . . ."I wouldn't lower myself!" . . Schnit . . . Frat House . . . ¼ HG

President of Class 4; National Honor Society 3,4; Treasurer National Honor Society 4; Student Council 8,1,2; Glee Club 8,1,2,3,4; Vice-President of Glee Club 3; Madrigal 3, 4; Time Magazine Current Events Prize 2,3,4; Gym Letter 3; School Play 4; Operetta 3; Science Club 3,4; Pops Concert 1,2; Newspaper Staff 2,3; Social Committee 3; Bowling Club 8,1; Handicraft Club 3; Year Book Co-Business Manager; Honor Roll 8,1,2, 4; Merit Roll 3.

JOAN CRAWFORD USHER
177 Belmont Street, Wollaston
"Pony" 5 years

"A good book whereon to look is better to me than gold."

. . . Dictionary . . . Television . . My car ! . . . First Junior Prom Dater . . . "Say, kids - - " . . Charleston Boys versus Men . . . "I abstain!!"

Science Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 8, 1, 2, 3; Secretary Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3; Newspaper Staff 2,3; Maintenance Committee 8, 1; Regulatory Committee 2; Glee Club 8, 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Glee Club Librarian 8; Athletic Association 1; Pops Concert 1.

Class

The years that we have spent at Woodward have provided us with a vast treasury of memories, most of them happy ones -- a few that we could consider unhappy; but they all added interest and variety to our high-school days.

As anxious and timid eighth graders, the "original thirteen" entered Woodward in September, 1947. Initiation was a rude awakening to one of Woodward's traditions. Garbed in stylist BVD's, striped jerseys, and gym shorts, we faced our terrifying seniors.

Miss Roberts proved to be a willing mediator in the feud caused by the uncompromising ninth-graders, who shared our homeroom. Because of our inexperience in business ventures, our class projects were very disappointing to our president, Alicia Curtis. Our first attempt at serious dramatics, a Christmas play, resulted in a hysterical comedy, during which a member of the cast lost her skirt.

Other outstanding memories of the year included our first Father-Daughter Banquet, first Founde r's Night, Mrs. Shaw's Circus, and the school play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." At the close of this first year at Woodward, we witnessed for the first time the impressive graduation ceremony.

Our class was greatly enlarged in our freshman year, and we had the privilege of Mrs. Hall's homeroom all for ourselves. Under the presidency of June Quint we enjoyed a prosperous year, brightened by a Lawn Festival, a candy sale, and a silent auction. The school calendar included the first Hobby Show, Founder's Night (which was enlivened by our glowing renditions of "Woodman, Spare That Tree" and "The Old Armchair"), Drama Day, when we presented a skit entitled "Talent Scouts" (it brought forth no talent), and the "Showboat Pops Concert". During this year we became acquainted with Caesar and Fanny Farmer. At the end of the year, we witnessed another graduation and the retirement of Miss Lane.

In September of 1948, we became sophomores in Mrs. Millard's homeroom and witnessed the initiation of another member to our class. Our new President, Eleanor Hollander, directed class activities, which included the sale of plastic greeting cards and candy. Much of our energy went toward publication of the school newspaper, "Snoops and Scoops", the profits from which were donated to the school on Founder's Night. On this same evening Uncle "Ebbie" was surprised by a happy birthday telegram from hi s l o v i n g nieces of the Class of '51.

During this year, outside activities often overshadowed and conflicted with our academic program. Our teacher, affectionately called Mrs. Milly, patiently endured our ceaseless pranks and "experiments". Three outstanding social events were a Slumber Party without the slumber, a Schmoo Party garnished with delicacies, and a luxurious excursion in a straw-filled truck to see the movie, "Henry V". That year we participated in graduation activities by presenting roses to our "sisters" at the Farewell Chapel.

As proud upper-classmen, we returned to Woodward in the fall to find that our long-desired "Junior Nook" had become the typing department. This disappointment was soon forgotten as we began our class projects under the leadership of Alice Beale. Business ventures included a Bookstore, complete with an unlockable lock; a Style Show, whose merits were observed only by a few very lucky people; and the repeated sale of greeting cards.

Our Junior Prom, "Moon Mist", with Eleanor Hollander and Joan Bianchi as co-chairmen, was the outstanding event of the year. Characteristic of the efficient class of '51, the ceiling was still being decorated two hours before the dance. Other circumstances made it impossible to complete the decorations to our satisfaction; there was too much rope and too few streamers. In spite of the scarcity

History

of eligible young males, all fourteen juniors were present at the drawing for the "Moon-Maid" title, which was won by June Quint.

The outstanding spring events of 1950 were an operetta, "The Lass That Loved a Sailor", and the colorful Gym Meet competition.

Because of the postponement of the school picnic, we juniors, having suffered enough disappointments in a year, decided to hold a picnic of our own on the scheduled day. Eight brave souls ventured forth from the halls of learning to forbidden territory. The picnic was held on the living-room floor at the house of one of the delinquents. After an enjoyable tour of Scituate, we slyly returned to school and secretly obtained our books. (We trust that this tale is a surprise!!)

The last event of the school year was graduation, which bestowed upon us the responsibility of being seniors. During the summer months, the National Honor Society industriously reorganized the school library.

As proud seniors, we occupied the homeroom of Miss Hurlbert and Mrs. Blake. At last we had attained the prestige of being the leaders of Woodward School! We immediately took possession of the Senior Lounge, which was kept orderly by the continued reminders of Lois Ann.

A goodly number of "Plebes", in long-johns and teabags, were initiated at our witch's council, presided over by Alice, the head witch. There was much speculation as to whether the initiators or the initiates were more gruesomely garbed!

With Sondra as Class President, we overcame the financial hazards common to all senior classes. Two of our "prize projects" were the selling of school emblems and the collecting of old newspapers (and magazines!). The latter project afforded many of us a splendid opportunity for a junkman's education, which would certainly provide us with a livelihood in case of depression.

Our dance was another delightful, though not so financially-sound, project. Actually, we planned for two dances: the "Football Fantasy", which was unavoidably cancelled; and the beautiful "Christmas Ball", where we proudly displayed a magnificent ten-foot Christmas tree that had been "removed" from the wilds of Hingham! A certain group of seniors, four in number, who were sadly unable to attend the dance with escorts, decked themselves in bag-head masks and peered in through the windows to witness the proceedings and, unconsciously, to amuse the dancers.

The social life of our class was very active. Shortly after the marriage of our French teacher, Barbara Belin acted as hostess for a surprise party, complete with decorations, refreshments, and a shiny mix-master as our wedding gift for the new "Mrs." During this year, delegates from our class enjoyed extensive tours throughout the southern part of our country and short hops to New York City.

During the April vacation, after we had achieved the necessary financial goal, fourteen proud seniors appeared at Logan International Airport to board a plane for New York. We spent six glorious, never-to-be-forgotten days in the "big city".

After our trip, we again settled down to work toward our ultimate goal of graduation. At the closing chapel, we each received a traditional red rose from one of our "sisters". Finally, on the evening of June 11, 1951, we accepted our diplomas. We were about to begin a new life --- with the ideals of Woodward as guiding principles.

With this memorable event, we end this record of the Class of 1951. As we leave the halls of Woodward, we close the door to its activities, but we shall never close the door to its memories.

Class

I love Medievalism. Its simplicity fascinates me. Its pageantry brings before me romance and glamour, troubadours and jongleurs, jousts and tourneys, knights and fair ladies.

To satisfy my immediate yearning for a taste of the medieval, I have just re-read the prologue of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Resting in the arms of my favorite armchair here in my snug little study, I have caught the Spirit of the Middle Ages.

With closed eyes, I reconstruct the picture presented in Chaucer's Prologue. Stationed near the Tabard Inn, I see his procession pass once more on its way to Canterbury. A varied list of people are they, yet united in faith, worship, and culture. Then as I continue to muse on the literary gem of the past, the curtain of Medievalism seems to be drawn aside and a fresher, more modernistic spectacle greets my eyes.

It is an awe-inspiring panorama, as continuous and circular as the very heavens. Stars dip and run with atomic swiftness and precision and blend into formation as a brilliant 1957 takes shape before me.

"Prophetic visions may be mine", I soliloquize.

Then I decide to examine more closely this rare phenomenon. I soon realize that the familiar faces are those of my former classmates.

Penetrating a silver mist, I behold a blushing bride-to-be, who steps daintily from an ivory chariot and walks slowly into the vestibule of a massive cathedral. There is a flurry of excitement as Mary nervously adjusts her veil of delicate French lace and passes through the great oaken doors to the strains of Lohengrin.

As this gorgeous picture fades, I turn my head only to see another scene that is equally as exciting as the first.

A gigantic sky-scraper blocks out the sun's rays. Is it an office building? Doors fly open and reveal its modernistic secrets and unique interior. Entering the building's newspaper department, I find Joan Bianchi doing a splendid job editing her own paper. Joan attacks her journalism with fervor. She writes on society functions, publishes her own comic strip, "Dan Kil-Dare", and is a fine commercial artist.

Up one flight in a jet-propelled and self-operating elevator, I see the dancing department where Alice Beale teaches the elite to swing and sway to the music of "Stretch" Elastic and his Rubber Band. Alice's spare time is devoted to using her Cadillac truck to collect old newspapers for her one-time partner, "Haynsie", who is now pretty much down in the dumps!

On the next floor I find June Quint debating an important fashion point with a customer. June is a stunning model for her own creations, the latest being a replica of her ivory satin wedding gown.

As this scene fades from view, I behold a vision more amazing than any of the previous. Eleanor, the cute blonde airline hostess, who not long ago parachuted into a happy marriage with her handsome pilot, was just admitted to the Sore-Bones Hospital after a very close race with a certain white bird. Ah! Here comes young Doctor Rosemary, youngest girl physician, with some outstanding news about her patient's offspring. This is one for the record! Doctor Donohue has risen to unprecedented fame by delivering the first sextuplets ever born(to a member of the Class of '51.)

On the same floor I see Alicia Curtis conducting a private laboratory and doing research work to analyze the bones and skull of the "Rich Maharajah of Magodor" that were just excavated from ancient ruins by the renowned archeologist, Professor Joan C. Usher. Professor Usher received her training,

Prophecy

which has led her to such heights in this field, both in the United States and in England. Ole J. C. sure hit pay dirt this trip!

Just then the internationally-famous missionary, Martha Cook, appears in the doorway and invites Nurse Curtis to join her at the Waldorf for a cup of black coffee. As they leave the hospital, they narrowly escape destruction under the wheels of a misguided taxi, driven by "Lizzie the Hackey", known in better circles as Doctor Elizabeth Stewart Bacon, AB, PhD, DDT, IDP. She drives a taxi to satisfy her desire for excitement. Late as usual, the absent-minded professor speeds to the "If You've Got the Money, We've Got the Time" Kindergarten, which is owned, operated, and bankrupted by the fabulous child specialists, Be-Be and Sondra, where she is employed as private chauffeur to transport the kindergarteners. Obviously, Mademoiselle Belin, who studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, leaves her mark on the child prodigies. Psycologist Rubinovitz, who encourages the little monsters to express their innermost thoughts, is greeted with "Fermez la bouche!" Perfect records of the "I.Y.G.M.W.G.T." Kindergarten are kept by Barbara Lennon, an honor student from Katie Gibbs. She computes the daily accident rate at the kindergarten and also the number of problems, only one to date, solved by the eminent psychologist of the establishment.

There goes Nurse Lois Ann, dashing down the corridor to attend the wailings of some dear child who is probably bloody after an uninhibited brawl over play blocks. Lois donates her time to the kindergarten between terms of sea duty on the troop transport, "U.S.S. Sink'um".

I reminisce. What a class this was which I had now seen pass before me! What a far cry from the Chaucerian pilgrimage which brought me to this hour!

Opening my eyes, I see the glowing embers of a spent fire. Had I left Chaucer behind? Yes, indeed, as well as the Class of 1951 of Woodward School for Girls. I was conscious that slumber plus a well-developed imagination had made me a seer for an hour . I was again in my favorite armchair, sharing the experiences of my prophetic vision.

* - * - * - * - *

SUNDAY NIGHT DILEMMA

by Eleanor Hollander

Sing a song of peacefulness;
What an awful din!
I still must do my lessons - -
What a mess I'm in!
I must write a composition,
Something that's a gem;
The lesson's for tomorrow,
The hour's nearing ten.
The television's blaring - -
My favorite program, too.
Why did I wait 'til Sunday
To start my lesson due?
From now I am determined:
A charming weekend spree
Will never more entice me
'Til lessons are finis!

* - * - * - * - *

Class

Know All Men By These Present, that we, the Graduating Class of the Woodward School for Girls of this memorable year, 1951, do make this our last Will and Testament. Knowing that we are not long to remain in these, our hallowed halls of learning, and knowing that the many things we take with us are the are many things that we must leave behind; and, in leaving behind these momentos, thoughts, and our ideas, we hope that our successors will listen carefully and mark well those things which are the results of our experiences.

First, we constitute and appoint "Virginia" to be the Executor of this, our last Will, and direct her to make certain that all our suggestions are fully carried out.

We give to:

Miss Bacon - A legal advisor to keep the senior classes out of the Courts.

Mrs. Balch - A squad of West Point Cadets to lead future marching drills.

Mrs. Blake - A senior class that waits to be dismissed.

Miss Cole - A trained assistant to handle the juvenile "artists".

Mrs. Hall - A class to visit Washington with the "Atlantic" as chaperone.

Miss Hurlbert - A first bell that's loud enough for seniors to hear.

Miss Kempton - A student body that appreciates "Good Music".

Mrs. Leighton - Perpetual maid service to ease housekeeping worries.

Mrs. Millard - An Economics Class worthy of a "Good-Attendance" Party.

Miss Roberts - An uninterrupted week devoted entirely to Science Trips.

Mrs. Uppling - A pair of robots to marshall the wayward Cafeteria lines.

Mrs. Alden - A supply of typewriter erasers for forgetful typists.

Mrs. Goodwin - A class that keeps the senior room as neat (?) as we did.

Mr. Mac - A night watchman to close up after seniors end their day's work.

The Juniors - A safe installed in the senior room in which to store their money so that it will be ready for constant use.

The Sophomores - Gas masks to ward off formaldehyde fumes that prevail in the biology lab.

The Freshmen - An automatic punch-making machine for Monday afternoons.

The Eighth Grade - A class project that will really make money -- the green paper that is very handy to have at all times.

The Seventh Grade - Courage and a well-fortified bank account, the two necessary qualifications to see them through to Graduation.

Will

To the Woodward Student Body, we, the undersigned, devise and donate the following items:

I, Betty Bacon, give my electric hot-plate to provide the senior room with cooking facilities.

I, Alice Beale, give my athletic prowess to future basketball teams.

I, Barbara Belin, give my "Rabbit Food" for dieters.

I, Joan Bianchi, give my initiative and energy.

I, Martha Cook, give my writing ability.

I, Alicia Curtis, give my pleasant disposition.

I, Rosemary Donohue, give my prizes to decorate the senior room.

I, Lois Evans, give my love of neatness to future senior room occupants.

I, Eleanor Hollander, give my powers of persuasion.

I, Barbara Lennon, give my spirit of cooperation.

I, Mary Monahan, give my standing contract with Mr. P - - - .

I, June Quint, give Mr. R - - - to plan future trips, especially to China.

I, Sondra Rubinovitz, give my long-suffering patience (???) to future class presidents.

I, Joan Usher, give my extensive vocabulary and facility for reading.

In testimony whereof, we, as representatives of the Class of 1951 of Woodward School for Girls, hereforth set our names to this, our last Will and Testament.

Sondra Rubinovitz, President

Betty Bacon, Vice President

On this twelfth day of April, 1951, the Class of 1951 declared to us, the undersigned, that the foregoing instrument was their last will and requested us to act as witnesses to the same and to their signature thereon. And we now, at their request, and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, do hereunto subscribe our names as witnesses.

The Schmoo

Little Hitler

George (all the way!)

Juniors

(1st row) Anne Lamont, Gail Alter, Audrey Viden, Virginia Ash, Priscilla Cahill, Carolyn Bohn; (2nd row) Carol McGrail, Carol Beck, Carolyn Flenniken, Louise Berrini, Elinor Cooperstein, Carol Cook; (3rd row) Joan Lake, Jean Patterson, Phyllis Asnes, Judy Zibel

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Vice-President - Audrey Viden
Secretary - Priscilla Cahill
Treasurer - Gail Alter

DADDY, WHAT CAN I DO?

(A Woodward Girl's Plight)

by Gail Alter

'Twas the day after Monday,
And all through my purse
Not a dime could I find;
Now what could be worse?

My budget I'd watched with meticulous care,
In hopes that I'd have a few nickels to spare;

Still, all of my money, I'm sorry to tell,
Just vanished as fast as rain in a well.

To get to the point without further delay - -
I surely could use a slight raise in my pay!

THOSE SENIORS OF 1951!

by Judy Zibel

All the seniors of '51 are the friendliest girls under the sun.
Kind and polite to underclassmen are they,
Well-liked by the faculty, I need not say.

Now, these seniors of '51 always seem to get everything done:
From cleaning the Senior Room, sweeping a floor,
Or the collecting of papers from door to door.

The seniors of 1951 always seem to have plenty of fun.
Invited to dances, dinner, or lunch,
This group of seniors is a popular bunch!

To the seniors of 1951, I offer the salute they surely have won
By using their talents, by friendship true.
My hand goes out, seniors, to each one of you!

(ED. NOTE: The seniors thank you!!)

Sophomores

(1st row) Suzanne Sterling, Sally Chapman, Maura Mantz, Edith Erickson, Judy Hey, Myra Wotton; (2nd row) Joan Miller, Norabelle Dininger, Claire Lewis, Barbara Sloane.

CLASS OFFICERS:

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Vice-President - Edith Erickson
Secretary - Sally Chapman
Treasurer - Judy Hey

AT LAST

by Judy Hey

The grounds were liberally fringed with spectators who had never before witnessed a scene so thrilling. They were like a herd of cattle milling about, awaiting a sight which they were not sure they wanted to behold. Mothers were anxious lest this event might bring harm to their children; the children, however, were more excited than anxious. In fact, the excitement of the young ones was so great that the majority of them just sat, intently waiting. Of course, there were a few young-ones who didn't much care what was going on; these were running about either shrieking for joy, or sobbing the tears of discontentment.

Already a path leading to a roped off square platform under the shade of a blossoming apple tree had been cleared. There were few trees or other vegetation because of the dust caused by the trampling feet of carnival visitors and athletes. But this was no boxing bout; here the viewers became hushed instead of cheering when a truck pulled up and two men emerged.

Each and every man, woman, and child, and even the few scattered animals in the mob became thrilled and tense with their own thoughts of what was to take place. The two men, one a freckle-faced redhead, the other a tall, good-looking man with curly hair and dimples, lifted from the truck a wooden box which they proceeded to carry through the crowd and up onto the platform. To the older members of the crowd, these men looked and sounded familiar. "Could it be - - ? ?" The people began to whisper and wonder.

While the suspects pried open the top, the whispers turned to a loud murmur which indicated the last guesses of those who had gathered in suspense to observe this once-in-a-lifetime spectacle. And then, at last, it was opened to the world! --- And the people say: "The Thing".

Freshmen

(1st row) Leanne MacManus, Marion Littlewood, Claire Hurney, Nancy Rounseville, Harriet Goldstein, Deanne Buonfiglio, Marie Tozzi; (2nd row) Joan Baird, Lila Belt, Jane Deacon, Sally MacCracken, Ina Zibel, Joan Maglio, Ann Leslie

CLASS OFFICERS:

President - Harriet Goldstein
Vice-President - Nancy Rounsevill
Secretary - Deanne Buonfiglio
Treasurer - Claire Hurney

FACE TO FACE WITH THE WORLD

by Ann Leslie

Just an ordinary day - - just an ordinary English class. While the teacher talks about our marks, my mind begins to wander. Out the window I see a few children playing among the gayly-colored autumn leaves.

Nine years ago I bade my play good-bye as I walked toward the large brick building with my closest companion of the past six years, my mother. Then I was a big girl - six years old; I was going to school for the first time.

I wasn't sure whether I'd like what faced me. It wouldn't be the same as the life I had known just a short time ago: the familiar kitchen, mother busy with her household chores, and me on the floor playing with my dolls in a little world of my own. Now it would all be changed. I would have to sit at a big desk in a room with only a few plants and large blackboards for decorations.

After I was settled, the days turned into months, and then into years. I went through the problems of multiplication, fractions, and now I face equations. Each year I learn a little more about this world which is so strange and changing.

Behind me lie eight years of learning and gay memories. I have three years of high school left, then the hopes of a start toward success. Who knows what tomorrow may bring?

Oh my! I have spent over a quarter of the period day-dreaming, and I have gotten nowhere. If I want any of my dreams to be fulfilled, I'd better get my mind on my work. Soon a bell will ring; the end of another step in facing the world will be here. I'll walk out of school, one of the gateways of opportunity, and come face to face with the world.

Eighth Grade

(1st row) Janice Mankin, Janet O'Brien, Caroline Richards, Daryl Freeman, Mary Crowley, Barbara Cutler; (2nd row) Nanette McGrail, Laurice Babbitt, Betsy Galpin, Frances Gregory

CLASS OFFICERS:

President - Valerie Ford
Vice-President - Daryl Freeman
Secretary - Caroline Richards
Treasurer - Mary Crowley

MY CRISIS

by Valerie Ford

My second piano recital was a big event for me because I was wearing my first evening gown. Made of pink piqolay, it had a tight-fitting sleeveless bodice, trimmed with a pink organdy double collar and a bouffant skirt. I wore a pink velvet ribbon, with three tiny roses fastened to it, around my neck. I also wore a corsage at my waist. I felt very special, but terribly nervous, and when it came time for me to play, I felt like dropping through the floor!

Instead, I went out onto the stage, my teeth chattering and my knees knocking. I sat down and stole a glance at the audience. I shuddered and, after a pause, began to play. Smoothly, I sailed through the first two pieces, and after each selection the audience applauded. The last piece, however, was one with which I had had difficulty in the past. I started a little slower than usual but it sounded all right. I had no trouble with the first part; so, with a little more confidence, I played the second and third parts.

I thought, "Soon it will be finished!"; but when I came to the ending, the last few measures, my mind went blank. I had forgotten how it ended! Should I plunge into it and stumble or - - - ? Then, in a split second, I made my decision. I made up a few chords with my left hand, while with my right hand I played a simple scale. As the audience applauded, I rose from the piano bench, bowed as prettily as I could, and made a hurried exit off the stage.

I expected to be scolded later by my teacher, but, when I arrived at her studio, she told me that I had done well and made a wise decision. Nobody had noticed my mistake except my parents and my teacher. All that I could say was, "I'm glad it's over!"

Seventh Grade

(1st row) Sandra Holland, Carol Samuelein, Judy Doherty, Susanne Edwards, Judy Shea, Beverly Grant, Nancy Howes, Marjorie Sakalov, Janet Ciardi; (2nd row) Viola Dube, Linda Vasser, Patricia Martin, Jean Gautreau, Karen Mantz, Carol Condon, Alice Rouleau, Phyllis Hillier, Susan Goldstein, Roberta Rawson, Jane Gallahue; (3rd row) Carlene Daisy, Sally Davis, Barbara Schultz, Gail Black, Constance Davidson, Ann Ericson, Priscilla Chase, Joan Perlstein

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President - Arlene Michelman
Vice-President - Judy Shea
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INITIATION MEMORIES

by Linda Vasser

There were exclamations of surprise and startled glances when I stepped on the Eastern Massachusetts bus one morning last fall. I dropped into my seat, exhausted, as anyone would be if their shoes did not match nor fit.

Suddenly I was tapped on the shoulder and an inquisitive person said, "Child, I presume you are going to school, for I notice you have your books. Did your mother see you leave this morning?"

"Certainly," I answered. "She braided my hair. I helped with the sixteenth braid myself because Mother gave up. Incidently, I am very proud of my school, the Woodward School for Girls."

"Oh, now I understand your odd appearance. Woodward is well known for its dramatizations, but what character in a play could you possibly be, with such outlandish clothes?"

"There will be a performance today, rather than a play or an operetta, and I am not a character but one of the victims," I answered. "The seventh graders are being initiated."

I bounced off the bus and met the rest of my dejected, horrible-looking classmates, greeting them by ringing the alarm clock tied around my waist.

Now that it is over, we wouldn't change the custom, but we are waiting for our chance to welcome the newcomers when we become seniors.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Executive Board and Jury

(1st row) Virginia Ash, Joan Bianchi, Martha Cook, Mary Monahan; (2nd row) Louise Berrini, Phyllis Asnes, Barbara Sloane; (absent) Rosemary Donohue

JUNIOR RED CROSS COUNCIL

(1st row) Joan Maglio, Barbara Cutler; (2nd row) Barbara Belin, Myra Wotton, Barbara Lennon, Louise Berrini, Virginia Ash; (3rd row) Janet O'Brien, Phyllis Asnes, Marie Tozzi, Constance Davidson

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

(left to right) Joan Bianchi, Betty Bacon, Sondra Rubinovitz and Barbara Lennon; (absent) Rosemary Donohue

NEW MEMBERS:

Alice Beale	Carol Cook
Barbara Belin	Judy Zibel
Gail Alter	Judy Hey

MADRIGAL SINGERS

(1st row) Anne Lamont, Joan Lake, Lois Evans, Gail Alter; (2nd row) Elinor Cooperstein, Virginia Ash, Audrey Viden, Norabelle Dininger, Carolyn Flenniken, June Quint; (3rd row) Sondra Rubinovita, Alice Beale, Barbara Belin, Judy Hey and Judy Zibel

BASKETBALL TEAM

Joan Miller, Joan Usher, Priscilla Cahill, Deanne Buonfiglio, Claire Lewis, Nancy Rounseville, Miss Patricia Pickering (coach), Alice Beale, Myra Wotten, Maura Mantz, Mary Monahan, Judy Hey, Ina Zibel, Suzanne Sterling

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Memories

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Miss Ruth Hurlbert - - - - - - - - - - - - Class Advisor

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Joan Bianchi and Rosemary Donohue - - - - Poetry

Rosemary Donohue
June Quint

(Co-Editors)

OLD FRIENDS

In this Year Book, we wish to remember our former classmates, who have shared with us many happy days at Woodward. They are:

Irene Chagnot
Janet Cobb
Esther Comeau
Anne Lamont
Marilyn Sargent
Joyce Steele
Lorraine Tirrell
Helen Tobin

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Boy's School - - B. C.
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Ideal Desert Island Companion - - Farley Granger
Male Vocalist - - Mario Lanza
Magazine - - "Seventeen"
Food - - Pizza
Haunt - - H. J's
Comedian - - Sid Caesar
Radio Program - - "Music at Midnight"
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Favorite Woodward Memory - - The Junior Prom

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DRAMATIC CLUB	President, Marjorie Sakalov Vice-President, Sally Davis Secretary, Carlene Daisy Treasurer, Constance Davidson
RIDING CLUB	President, Judy Hey Secretary, Louise Berrini

GOOD-BYE TO WOODWARD

Our high school days will soon be just a memory;
We nevermore shall enter through your doors;
But rest assured, dear Woodward, your high ideals
Will follow us wherever we may go.

You will remain forever in our memories;
And to your standards great we'll e'er be true;
Our gay school days we've loved; but now the time has come,
Dear Woodward School, when we must say "Good-bye" to you.

The thought of you we'll always cherish in our hearts;
Your pillared doors, your ivy-covered walls,
Will always be to us an inspiration dear
To guide us on the winding path of life.

O, Woodward School, how sad for us to say "Good-bye"!
But we well know that in the years to come,
The precious guiding light of knowledge you will give
To more, to start them on the great highway of life.

TUNE: "Londonderry Air"

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SALUTATORIAN - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Barbara Lennon

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Barbara Lennon

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Quincy Historical Society - - - - Joan Bianchi
Nightingale Prize - - - - - - - - Martha Cook
Honorable Mention - - - - - - - - Barbara Lennon

TIME MAGAZINE CURRENT AFFAIRS AWARD - - Sondra Rubinovitz

BAUSCH AND LOMB SCIENCE AWARD - - - - Rosemary Donohue

ATHLETIC AWARD - - - - - - - - - - - - - Alice Beale

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